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the logical condition of Time and Space. Hence it is ridiculous to speak of *my* mind and *your* mind, for mind is rather the universal substrate of all individuality than owned by any particular individual.

These results are so startling to the one who first begins to think, that he is tempted to reject the whole. If he does not do this, but scrutinizes the whole fabric keenly, he will discover what he supposes to be fallacies. We cannot anticipate the answer to his objections here, for his objections arise from his inability to distinguish between his imagination and his thinking

and this must be treated of in the next chapter. Here, we can only interpose an earnest request to the reader to persevere and thoroughly refute the whole argument before he leaves it. But this is only one and the most elementary position from which the philosophic traveller sees the Eternal Verities. Every perfect analysis —no matter what the subject be—will bring us to the same result, though the degrees of concreteness will vary,—some leaving the solution in an abstract and vague form, —others again arriving at a complete and satisfactory view of the matter in detail.

S E E D L I F E .

BY E. V.

Ah! woe for the endless stirring,
The hunger for air and light,
The fire of the blazing noonday
Wrapped round in a chilling night!

The muffled throb of an instinct
That is kin to the mystic To Be;
Strong muscles, cut with their fetters,
As they writhe with claim to be free.

A voice that cries out in the silence,
And is choked in a stifling air;
Arms full of an endless reaching,
While the "Nay" stands everywhere.

The burning of conscious selfhood,
That fights with pitiless fate!
God grant that deliverance stay not,
Till it come at last too late;

Till the crushed out instinct waver,
And fainter and fainter grow,
And by suicide, through unusing,
Seek freedom from its woe.

Oh! despair of constant losing
The life that is clutched in vain!
Is it death or a joyous growing
That shall put an end to pain?